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All Among the Barley

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END OF THE TICHBORNE CASE.

Sec. 31.

The Tichborne Trial is over,
The Claimant he has lost,
They will not lie in clover
Who have to pay the cost.
To prove he was Sir Roger,
They say that he did fail,
They've called an old dodger,
And they've shoved him into gaol.

The Trial is gone and past,
The judge decided so;
To penal servitude, at last,
The Claimant's bound to go.

For years he's been before you,
And very few could say,
I believe he's not Sir Roger,
Or swear the other way;
The cleverest men in England
At him have had a shy,
But now his chance is over,
And in gaol he's doomed to lie.

In every town in England,
He met with great applause,
And working-men with purse and pen
Have tried to help his cause;
Tho' his witnesses were humble,
To him they stoutly swore,
But the trial's gone against him,
And he's done for evermore.

When first the trial was started,
His money was all gone,
His courage ne'er departed,
Tho' his case seemed so forlorn;
If he was not Sir Roger,
Why didn't he run away;
He would not go, but faced the foe,
And fought them day by day.

Whether he's Arthur Orton,
Himself can only tell,
But you'll agree, whoever he be,
That he has stood it well;
But if he is Sir Roger,
It will make his stout heart quail,
To leave his rights behind him,
To spend his life in gaol.

Mr. Whalley and Mr. Onslow,
Have helped him with a will,
They believed he was Sir Roger,
And thousands think so still:
If that is your opinion,
I pray you understand,
You must not tell them what you think,
In this free and happy land.



All among the BARLEY.

Come out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon's begun,
And through the wheaten stubble
Is heard the frequent gun;
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red,
And the ripe and golden barley,
Is hanging down its head.

CHORUS.

All among the barley,
Who would not be blithe,
When the free and happy barley,
Is smiling on the scythe.

The spring is like a young maid,
That does not know her mind;
The summer is a tyrant,
Of most unrighteous kind!
The autumn is an old friend,
That loves one all he can,
And that brings the happy barley,
To glad the heart of man.

All among the barley, &c.

The wheat is like a rich man,
That's sleet and well to do
The oats are like a pack of girls,
Laughing and dancing too.
The rye is like a miser,
That's sulky, lean and small,
But the free and bearded barley,
Is monarch of them all.

All among the barley, &c.